

but when her father pleases, I am ready,
and all my friends shall know it.

Tra. Why not now,
one charge had serv'd for both?

Mor. Ther's reason in't.

Sop. Call'd Rowland.

Mor. Will you walke?

They'l thinck we are lost, come gentlemen.

Tra. You have impt him.

Sop. So will he nev'r the wench I hope.

Tra. I wish it.

Exeunt.

Actus ^{mus} Scena ^{da} ij.

Enter Rowland & Livia

Row. Nay Livia, if youle go away to night
if your affections be not made of words,

Livia. I love you, and you know how dearly Rowland,
is there none neere vs? my affections ever
have been your servants, with what superstition
I have ever sainted you.

Row. Why then take this way?

Liv. 'Twill be a childish and lesse prosperous course
then this that knowes not care, why should we doe
our honest and our hartie loves such wrong
to over run our fortunes?

Row. When you flatter.

Liv. Alas, you know I can not.

Row. What hope's left els
but flying to enjoy ye?

Liv. None so far.
for lett it be admitted, we have time

Es

Es all things now in other expectation,
my father's bent against vs, what but ruine
can such a by waye bring vs? if your feares
would lett you looke with my eyes, I would show you
and certaine, how our staying here would winne vs
a course, though somewhat longer, yet far surer.

Row. & then Moroso has yee,

Livia. No such matter

for hold this certaine, begging, stealing, whoring,
selling (which is a sinne unpardonable)
of counterfeit cods, or musty English Crocus,
switches, or stones for th' tooth ach sooner finds me
then that drawne fox Moroso.

Row. But his monie
if wealth may win you.

Liv. If a hog may be
high Priest amonge the Jewes; his monie Rowland?
oh love forgive me! what a faith hast thou?
why can his monie kisse me?

Row. Yes.

Liv. Behind
layd out upon a petticoate, or graspe me
while I cry o good thanke you, o my troth,
thou makest me merie with thy feare, or lye with me
as you may doe? alas what fooles you men are?
his moldy monie? halfe a dozen riders
that cannot sit, but stamp fast to their saddles?
no Rowland, no man shall make use of me,
my beauty was borne free, and free. He give it
to him that loves, not buyes me, you yet doubt me.

Row. I cannot say I doubt ye

Livia